

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1812.

[NO. 29

THE BARON'S WEDDING.

A ROMANCE.

(Concluded.)

IN this hermitage I gave birth to you, my dear Rosa; and here I resolved to devote my days to prayer and solitude, carefully concealing myself from every eye that could recognize my misery, or discover my shame. Finding all intreaties to prevail on me to quit the country with him useless, St. Severalle began to grow weary of restraint. The good old hermit believing him my husband, accommodated us as well as he could; and found sufficient excuse in the accident which had happened to me, and which St. Severalle ascribed to robbers, to account for my long residence in his humble cell. In this retreat we learnt what had passed at the castle. The baron gave out a report that I died suddenly; and by dint of bribes and threats, so managed one or two of his confidential servants, that a mock funeral was arranged with the greatest pomp, and the baron appeared a sincere mourner. For my own part, I was glad that he had so contrived it; all my prospects of happiness were lost for ever, and I only now prayed for death to relieve me from my misery. Finding myself too ill to bestow proper care on my infant, I entreated St. Severalle to place it with some decent woman, who would do justice to it; he intimated to me how hazardous such a plan would prove, as we should be in the greatest danger of discovery. His arguments were convincing; but it was indispensably necessary that my child should have that nourishment which I unhappily could not bestow, and I at length yielded it to his persuasion, and you was left, in the manner you have already learnt, with the worthy Maud. Soon after this arrangement, St. Severalle made a pretence to quit the hermitage, and I have never beheld him since. Two years after my residence here, the hermit died; and I was happy in evincing my gratitude, by performing those kind services for him, which he had before rendered me. To conceal myself the more effectually, I then assumed the habit of the pious Antonio, by which plan I enjoyed a greater share of liberty than before; and should have passed my days tranquilly enough had not my feelings received a severe shock, by learning that the baron was preparing for a second wedding. The idea of this distracted me; and I determined to prevent it, even at the risk of declaring myself. Chance, however, seconded by my own ingenuity, prevented the necessity of this. The hermit had once, in confidential discourse, informed me, that there was a subterraneous communication between the cell and the castle; this circumstance occurring to my recollection, I resolved to lose no time in exploring the passages. In this enterprize I met with many difficulties, too tedious to enumerate now: time and assiduity enabling me to overcome all impediments, I at length succeeded in gaining the private en-

trance to the chamber in which I first appeared before you. This once effected, and learning from the tattling old Ursula, who was always gossiping in the village, that the baron had selected that very apartment for the reception of his bride, I furnished myself with a few necessary articles, and returned joyfully to my cell. I then hastily prepared a loose drapery, in which I wrapped myself; and having rubbed my face over with chalk, anxiously awaited the hour at which I knew it was probable the bride would retire; I then took a lamp in one hand, and grasped a dagger in the other, proceeding cautiously along the vaulted passages till I reached the spiral staircase which led to the secret partition; there I stationed myself till I heard footsteps in the chamber, and through an aperture beheld the trembling bride divest herself of her ornaments; her attendant having retired, I slowly unclosed the pannel, and presented myself before the affrighted girl.—She faintly screamed, and would perhaps have alarmed the castle, had I not seized her arm, and, showing the dagger, menaced instant death; then, with a solemn tone, commanding her to follow me, I led the way from the bridal chamber. Marietta, pale and horror-struck, pursued my steps till I reached the cell, where, pointing to the crucifix, I compelled her to take the same oath I exacted of you. The timid girl, thinking me something more than mortal, obeyed; I then informed her that I was the baron's wife, and exhorted her to return to the convent, from whence she had been brought by Valdemona. The afflicted and terrified Marietta assented without hesitation; and in the disguise of a simple peasant, I led her myself to the gate. The sisterhood gladly received her, and she has since, with unfeigned piety, taken the veil. My mind thus relieved I regained my serenity, when again I was roused to agony, by the rumour of another marriage; but, gracious heaven! what were my emotions, on learning from your own artless lips, that you were the destined bride that you loved the baron, and that not all my admonitions or councils could set the marriage aside; again I determined to have recourse to the artifice which had succeeded so well, to deliver you from a fate so dreadful, or by boldly disclosing all, expose myself to the unbridled hatred and vengeance of your much injured father. That trial has been spared me; we must now quit this place, where you cannot hope to remain long concealed, and seek an asylum in some holy society, where we can remain in safety, till I can write to my friends in Italy, and obtain remittances, to enable us to prosecute our journey; my remain's will then repose beside my dear father's, and you, my Editha, will find powerful friends to protect and assist you." Editha sighed; there was a degree of impetuosity and inconsistency in her mother's character, that she could not admire; yet a faint hope that in her mother's country she might again meet Ferdinand, reconciled her to the measure proposed.

The sound of approaching footsteps, how-

ever, caused an interruption, as unexpected as unwelcome, and, to their infinite consternation they discovered that it proceeded from the private passage. In a few minutes the large stone, which closed the entrance, was rolled away, and the baron appeared, followed by a numerous train of domestics, with torches in their hands. Victoria uttered a cry of horror, and fainted in the arms of Editha, who, wildly and with uplifted hands, implored the baron's mercy: wholly at a loss to comprehend this scene, Valdemona gazed at them by turns, then grasping the arm of Editha, he eagerly demanded an explanation. Editha, trusting to the impression of the moment, drew aside the veil which concealed the features of the still lovely Victoria—"Behold, my lord," she cried, "this is your wife—she whom you have mourned as dead—she whose guilt you too credulously believed, but who never knew guilt or shame, till your rash cruelty drove her to misery."—"What dreadful spectacle do I behold," cried the baron, starting back with terror; "my Victoria! my murdered wife!"

The baroness reviving, cast herself at the feet of her husband, and deprecated his vengeance. He gently raised her, and assured her that her presence relieved his mind of a burthen that long oppressed it. I can believe you innocent, Victoria; for the wretch who betrayed you has paid the forfeit of his crimes, and on his death-bed revealed to me the whole transaction: by anonymous letters he sought to poison my mind with jealousy, and then preconcerted that dreadful scene, which wound my passion up to madness. But come, we will return to the castle, for I am impatient to learn how Editha was conducted hither; in carefully searching the chamber, we discovered a sliding pannel, which had been incautiously left open, and have fortunately traced the secret communication, of which I was before in ignorance. Shrink not, Editha, you have nothing to fear; in the castle you will find none but friends.

"Oh Valdemona," cried the baroness, grasping his hand, "in forgiving me, you only confer half a blessing, if you refuse to acknowledge and protect your child: Editha is your daughter, my lord; though the child of doubt and sorrow."—"Of doubt no longer," cried the baron, tenderly embracing Editha; "my heart always was warmly attached to her; the impulse was certainly given by heaven; her features too, Victoria, strongly reminded me of her I had so dreadfully sacrificed. Come, come, we shall all be happy." Little time was lost in returning to the castle, where the baroness candidly imparted to Valdemona every particular; while Editha eagerly ran to embrace the venerable Maud.

"Well," exclaimed the old woman, "I will never listen to stories of ghosts and goblins again, for I verily believed my dear child had been spirited away; and so I told poor Ferdinand, who is almost breaking his heart in his dungeon, to think that he cannot scamper all over the world in search of you."—"Ferdinand

the young gentleman who was disputing with Heaven the fair victim. After solemn exhortations from the pulpit, that now the final moment was arrived when she was to devote herself to God, abandoning all sublunary considerations, as well as ties of affection or of blood, or instantly to quit the holy place she then inhabited, forever, she stretched out her hand to the youth, who advanced quickly to receive it, and hurrying with her directly from the church, while the priests, the nuns, her relations, and the people, stood motionless with astonishment, the happy pair got, soon after, to a place, where they were married.

[As many hundreds perish every year in this city by consumption, the following cure for its complaint may not be thought unworthy of record in this paper, although not strictly within the limits of its plan.]

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

A person who is interested in every thing that can be useful to humanity, is desirous of giving the public a remedy that chance has discovered:—An officer who had a consumptive complaint in his breast was dissolving over a chaffing dish of fire in a very close room, an equal quantity of white pitch and yellow bees-wax with an intention of soldering some bottles; and after having breathed some time in the vapor rising from it, he found the complaint in his breast greatly relieved. This observation, extremely interesting to himself determined him to continue the same fumigation some days. He soon perceived a very considerable amendment, and at length was entirely cured.

This cure was much talked of.—Madame la Margrave de Bade was informed of it; and she was desirous that a trial might be made of this remedy, in Dourlach's hospital, upon a soldier whose life was despaired of. The success equalled every hope that could be conceived, and the patient was perfectly cured. In consequence of which the princess gave orders that the fact should be published in the Carlsruh Gazette. The same public paper confirms this recital; adding that this remedy has been experienced with equal benefit by several persons who were attacked with complaints in the breast; and that many, even when their lungs were ulcerated, and who were entirely given over, had been cured by this simple remedy.

It should be observed, that the room in which fumigation is to be formed, ought to be very closely shut up, & that the person should walk about to suck in the vapour by degrees.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Answer to the Enigma in our last.

I WOULD inform M—s W—t if he had from his grain left an E.

The solution of his enigma would have been Danbury.
G***e H***h.

☞ The Patrons of the New-York Weekly Museum are respectfully informed, that the 26th No. (the 31st of October) concluded the first Six Months of the new series—and, agreeably to the terms of its publication, that we are now soliciting payment for that time.—To those gentlemen who have already paid, as well as others, we tender our best thanks for all favors, and hope by attention to merit a continuance of their patronage. To those who may not recollect that this paper rests entirely on the punctual payment of its Subscription for support, we shall merely observe our wish, that the "CALL AGAIN" may not be too often repeated.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THIS week furnishes nothing extraordinary new from Europe; excepting that the Russians has at length purchased the assistance of Sweden, by the promised restoration of Finland within six months—By the last accounts 40,000 Russian and 20,000 Swedish troops were to be conveyed in English transports across the Baltic...destination unknown. The English editor, animadverting on the tardy operations of the Russians, says, "Plunged, by the intrigues of French Agents, into war successively with Turkey and Sweden, Russia blindly perseveres in combating the Turks until the French actually enter her Polish territory; although it was notorious in Europe for more than a year that the French had begun to form that vast machine that is now in full operation against that country; and when Bonaparte is almost in sight of Moscow, then and not till then, Alexander purchases the assistance of Sweden by the restitution of Finland, to the conquest of which he was so recently stimulated by Bonaparte! Alexander is cajoled at Erfurth, to assist in the ruin of his neighbour, the Emperor of Austria; who in his turn, displays a conscientious, and most politic reciprocity, in contributing to the humiliation of Alexander! Thus, Bonaparte plays off at pleasure, the three great military Powers of the Continent of Europe against each other, with as much facility as if they were automatical puppets. Against a concentrated force, directed by energetic policy and consummate talent, combined in the person of a single individual, the uncertain policy of confederacies, can never be successful—until one common principle of interest, and resistance, shall actuate the whole."

From the Lakes we learn, that on the 8th inst. commodore Chauncey, in the brig Oneida, with 7 other vessels, manned with an extra number of seamen and marines, sailed from Sacket's Harbour on Lake Ontario, on a cruise against the enemy; and, by information just received by the steam boat, we learn the commodore had chased into Kingston Bay the Royal George and schooner Simcoe; and, after a severe cannonade from the Fort, the fleet returned with the loss of one seaman killed by the enemy, and several wounded on board one of the American schooners, by the bursting of a gun. The fleet brought into Sacket's harbor two prizes, merchant vessels, on board of one of which was capt. Brock, nephew of the late Gen. Brock. The commodore sailed again the 13th inst. in pursuit of the Duke of Gloucester and Prince Regent british armed vessels.

We hear nothing particular from the N. W. Army, which seems to have been retarded in its operations for want of necessary supplies of ammunition and provisions.

Accounts from the Southward mention the arrival at East Florida of a considerable Spanish force in that country; and a judicious writer at Mobil says, "The situation of the Southern Frontier of the United States is truly critical. I know not what is to be calculated upon either from the Spaniards or the Indians. The Spaniards are evidently strengthening themselves at Pensacola, and avowedly intend to do so at Mobil. They begin to stop American vessels as they come up the river; and this step alone, in the present critical posture of affairs, will lead to altercations which must end in hostilities."

Nile's Weekly Register states, that 219 vessels have been captured from the enemy, the whole having 570 guns, and 3100 men. To which list may be added several more, which have been brought in since the above list was completed.

It is agreed that the American prisoners taken at Detroit, is to be sent from Quebec by water to Boston, not to serve until exchanged.

A caution from Dr. Hosack, of this city, respecting Wild Honey, has been published, in consequence of two persons having been poisoned by it. The Dr. says Wild Honey is poisonous in consequence of the bees feeding upon the flowers of poisonous plants, such as the dwarf Laurels, with which our woods abound. He says poisonous honey is generally of a dark reddish, approaching to a crimson colour, and of a thicker consistence than that usually sold in the market. Pure

honey is of a light colour, and less viscid, excepting by age it acquires a dark brown.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY. To the various recent discoveries, we have to add that of a citizen of New-York, in a common but hitherto unnoticed vegetable. It is said to be a substitute for Hemp and Flax, and greatly superior to either. From the report of a committee appointed to investigate its properties, it is stated as their opinion, that it is far superior to any flax or hemp they had ever seen, as well in the quantity it produces from a single stem, as its superior strength, beauty, and fineness of texture; and that they are fully persuaded it will become a great benefit to any country that will encourage its cultivation. The discoverer, Mr. Charles Whitlow, has obtained a Patent Right for the same. He will sell rights to cultivate and manufacture the product of 50 acres for 14 years, for \$300 and will furnish 4000 seeds gratis, and as many more as may be wanted at a reasonable charge by applying to Charles Whitlow, 27 Maiden-lane, New-York.

POSTSCRIPT.

After our paper was partly worked off, a letter has been received in town from an officer at Plattsburgh, dated the 12th inst stating, in substance, "that the whole army were to take up their march in a few days to make an immediate attack on Lower Canada; they march without baggage or tents, and with a view to force themselves into winter quarters. Montreal is expected to be the first place of attack. The force 6 or 7000 men."

Euphial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. John Hunter to Miss Jane Queen, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. James Dorset to Miss Matilda Wilmurt, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, capt. Clark, of New Rochelle, to Mrs. Susan Bruce, daughter of Mr. Christopher Halstead, of this city.

By the right rev. bishop Hobart, Mr. Horatio W. Eaton to Miss Maria S. Montgomery, daughter of Dr. Thomas W. Montgomery, all of this city.

At Flatbush, by the rev. Mr. Low, Mr. Charles O. Williams, printer, of this city, to Miss Martha Bigelow.

At Fishkill, by the rev. Mr. Crane, Mr. James Angvine, of New-York, to Miss Susannah Monfort

Obituary.

DIED.

Mr. Robert Cocks, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 76 years. The Grand Lodge, and all the Lodges in this city, attended the last sad rite of their departed worthy brother.

Mrs. Philippina Richard, wife of Mr. Stephen Richard, merchant of this city.

On Sunday morning, in the 50th year of his age, John Kemp, LL.D F.R.S.E. professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Columbia College. In the death of this gentleman the literary world, and especially Columbia College, has sustained a loss of no ordinary magnitude.

Mr. Duncan Frazer, in the 62d year of his age.

Mr. Peter Marsellis, by a fall.

At Maidenhead, (N. J.) Mr. Joseph Brearley, son of the late Gen. Brearley.

At Providence, Col. Jeremiah Olney, in the 63d year of his age, late collector of the port and district of Providence, and president of the Society of Cincinnati of the State of Rhode-Island. A most excellent character is given of this gentleman, and Soldier of the Revolution, and friend of the illustrious Washington.

Near Philadelphia, Mr. John Bartram, long known for his knowledge of Botany. It is presumed he may be reckoned the first in this country who obtained an experimental knowledge of American trees and plants, by long travelling in the wilderness.

At Belville, (N. J.) Mrs. Mary Jerolleman, aged 100 years, 8 months and 13 days.

Report of Deaths, from the 7th to the 14th inst. 1812, being one week—41.

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Seat of the Muses.

Hark! how my ear has caught th' entrancing strain,
Which gently floats on evening's tranquil gale;
No human sound disturbs calm silence' reign,
Genius of harmony! with awe thy pow'r I hail.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

ON THE BIRTH OF HER CHILD.

HAIL! blest mother's first-born treasure,
Offspring of connubial love:
Nature owns no greater pleasure
Than a parent's feelings prove.

Let me, while thy features viewing,
Breathe to heav'n my fervent pray'r;
Ev'ry wordly thought subduing,
Make an int'rest for thee there.

Not for riches, rank, or beauty,
Shall my hopes ambitious rise;
More essential is the duty
Which a christian's heart should prize.

May that cheek, now soft reposing
On thy tender mother's breast,
Health and innocence disclosing,
With modesty's sweet tint be drest!

May those lips, which as I'm pressing,
Rival the carnation's hue,
Ask betimes a heav'nly blessing,
And to virtue long be true!

May those eyes, in slumber closing,
Ne'er with tears repentant flow;
But a gen'rous heart disclosing,
Weep a fellow-creature's woe!

May those hands, now soft and tender,
Never grasp the bribe of shame,
Nor to vice assistance render,
Branding with disgrace thy name!

May that dimpling smile of pleasure
Never with deceit be fraught;
Nor calm content, thy bosom's treasure;
Be by guilt or treach'ry bought!

May those little feet ne'er ramble
From that sure and glorious road,
Which, though fenc'd with thorn and bramble,
Leads thee to a bounteous God!

May thy parents live to guide thee
Step by step to virtue's shrine,
And no blessing be denied thee,
While an upright heart is thine!

THE MAID I ADORE.

OH! sweet is the song, when of love are its numbers,
And sweet are the sounds of the poet's fond lyre,
And sweet is the zephyr o'er rose-buds that slumbers;
But sweeter is Rosa, the maid I admire!
Then I'll sing to my Rosa, the beautiful Rosa,
The song of affection, in accents all glowing!
For truth tells my heart she's the Maid I adore.

She stole to my heart, and its peace turn'd to anguish,
But soon her smile taught me to laugh at despair;
Then let those who're despis'd by some maid, learn
to languish,
For Rosa is kind, quite as kind as she's fair!
Then I'll sing to my Rosa, &c.

Once at lovers I laugh'd, in the scornful persuasion,
That love was unworthy, nor fit for man's ear;
But yielded the moment I felt his invasion,
And surrendered to one whom, as life, I hold dear,
Then I'll sing to my Rosa, &c.

EPIGRAM ON TWO CONTRACTORS.

TO gull the public two contractors come,
One pilfers corn—the other cheats in rum.
Which is the greater knave, ye wits explain,
A rogue in spirit, or a rogue in grain.

SONNET.

LOUD howls the blast along the low'ring sky,
And hoarsely to the beach the white surge raves,
While, grimly seated on the boist'rous waves,
Wide o'er the echoing seas the whirlwind flies;
Death 'midst the troubled scene majestic walks,
And as beneath the lightning's vivid gleam,
Round yon wreck'd vessel hov'ring sea-birds scream,
Full in the sailor's view pale terror stalks,
No hopes for him remain; with tortur'd soul,
He clings, all cheerless, to the slipp'ry shroud,
Whilst round him billows, turbulent and loud,
With unabated rage remorseless roll;
And as he frantic views the yawning deeps,
Swift o'er his shatter'd bark the whelming tempest
sweeps.

Morality.

CONSOLATION.

OH! thou who sittest 'lone amid the bleak
rocks of the desert; whose unbound tresses
wave loose upon the howling blast; or sweep
in sportive ringlets round thy snowy neck.
Why, fair daughter of Affliction! is thy head
bent down with sorrow, and the lustre of thine
eyes bedimmed with tears?

The worm of grief has preyed upon the
roses of thy beauty; and the angel of despair
has spread his dark mantle around thee!

Pour, oh, pour into my bosom, the secret
of thy woes; and, in the sympathizing endear-
ments of friendship, shalt thou find relief. My
heart shall compassionate thy sufferings, my
tongue shall speak comfort to thy soul.

Hast thou fallen into the snares of the sedu-
cer; or has thy frail bark been rifted by the
tempest of the passions?

Why from thy swelling bosom slow bursts
that struggling sigh? adown thy pale cheek
why rolls the scalding tear of mental agony?

Lift up thy head, frail child of Mortality!
give ear unto the voice of Consolation, and re-
ject not the balm that would assuage the an-
guish of thy soul!

If the smiles of temptation have lured thee
from the paths of innocence, let not the bitter-
ness of remorse stifle the dictates of thy rea-
son; if reproach hath driven thee from the ha-
bitations of men, let not despair snatch thee
from reconciliation with thy God!

Manifold and great are the errors of human-
ity, but boundless is the mercy of the Father
of Heaven!

The fountain of his goodness can never be
dried up. It is as the dew which refreshes
the parched bosom of the earth, when the sun
has exhausted the moisture which nourishes
her fatness.

Give ear, O child of Calamity! to the
friendly admonitions of wisdom, and despise
not the precepts of truth.

Reflect seriously on the magnitude of thine
offences, and let repentance accompany the re-
trospection thereof.

Receive her chastenings with reverence and
submission, and drink deep of the cup she will
present to thy lips.

The dregs of her chalice are indeed bitter,
but their bitterness will procure for thee par-
don and peace.

Give ear, fair daughter of Woe! to the
soothing voice of religion, and spurn not the
arm that would snatch thee from the yawning
gulph of despair!

The sound of her voice is as music to the
ear; she calls, and 'tis pleasant to obey.

MORTIFYING.

TO the virtuous and noble minded, nothing
is more mortifying, than to receive mere ci-
vility from those with whom we have been on
terms of unreserved intimacy, and which pe-
cuniary circumstances alone had destroyed.
Daily instances of this kind occur.

DISTRIBUTION OF TIME.

HE who every morning plans the transac-
tions of the day, and follows out that plan, pur-
sues a course which will guide him through
the labyrinth of a most busy life; the orderly
arrangement of his time is like a ray of light
which darts itself through all his affairs. But
where no plan is laid, where the disposal of
time is surrendered merely to the chance of
accidents, all things lie huddled together in one
chaos, which admits neither of distribution or
review.

Anecdote.

A GENTLEMAN, not much versed in li-
terary affairs, once asked an Hibernian friend,
what was the meaning of posthumous works.
"Z—ds!" exclaimed Terence, "don't you
know that? Why they are books which a man
writes after he is dead, to be sure!"

WHEN Quin, the player, once dined at the
country house of a nobleman famous for his
parsimony, the peer apologized for treating his
guests with port wine only, because the butler
had lost the key of the claret-cellar. The ta-
ble being cleared of a scanty desert, and the
port wine finished, the noble lord took his
guests into his garden, where was an aviary,
with a number of foreign birds, and among
others an ostrich. "This bird," said he, "has
many strange properties, and can digest iron."
"Can he?" replied Quin; "why then I sup-
pose he may have swallowed and digested the
key of your claret-cellar, and if I might advise
your lordship, you had better get another made
as soon as possible.

A LADY was some time ago followed by a
beggar, who very importunately asked her for
alms. She refused him, when he quitted her
with a profound sigh; "Yet the alms I asked
would have prevented me from executing my
present resolution." The lady was alarmed
lest the man should make some rash attempt
on his own life. She called him back, and
gave him a shilling, and asked him what he
meant by what he had just said. "Madam,"
said the fellow, laying hold of the money, "I
have been begging all day in vain, and but for
this shilling I should have been obliged to
work."

AN old gentleman of the name of Page,
finding a lady's glove, sent it to the owner,
with this distich, and received the following
answer.

If from that glove you take the letter G,
Then Glove is Love, and that I send to thee.

Answer.

If from that Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is age, and that won't do for me."

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